

The Cheer

Vol. XIX

March 19, 1927

No. 9

St. Pat's Day Program

Initiative is one quality that is not lacking in the members of the college department. Under the capable leadership of a committee consisting of Thomas Coleman, Bernard O'Neill, Ernest Gallagher, Paul Galliger, Leonard Connor, and Joseph Norton, a splendid St. Patrick's Day parade marched from St. Joe to Rensselaer shortly after the noon hour on the feast of Ireland's hero. Later in the afternoon, the members of the college department repaired to the Makeever Hotel and there enjoyed a banquet which had been arranged for by the committee. Several entertaining speeches and musical numbers added to the enjoyment of the banquet at which Bernard O'Neill presided as toast-master. That the banquet was a decided success all present readily agreed. Now that an encouraging start has been made, it is up to the lower classes to make the annual St. Patrick's Day feed bigger and better each year.

Valuable Donation Made to Library

The college, and the library in particular, feel indebted to Mr. John K. Reppa, for the donation of a set of "America," a library of original sources of American History in 12 volumes. Mr. Reppa is an alumnus of St. Joe, having graduated from here in 1907. At present, he is the president of the East Chicago State Bank, at East Chicago, Indiana.

This set of books belongs to an exclusive edition of registered copies, published by the Veterans of Foreign Wars of America. They are excellently bound in a durable binding of blue fabrikoid and stamped in gold. Each book is embossed with the American Eagle, and the coat of arms of the Veterans of Foreign Wars of America.

Being a "library" of original sources of American history, these books are both reliable and interesting. Their accuracy is due to the fact that the material is wholly a collection of documents, letters, and

Time to Get Busy

Again the students have the opportunity to participate in the Alumni Essay Contest; the rules governing the contest have been posted for some time on the various bulletin boards. The length of the essays is limited between 900 and 1,500 words; no restrictions are placed on the choice of topic; the latest date to hand in the essay is April 24. Keen competition is expected in this contest, and as an incentive the Cheer will print the winning essay in its final issue, if the essays are returned in time by the judges.

Newman's to Entertain on April 3

"For the Love of Johnny" will be presented by the "Columbians in the making" on the evening of April 3. For some time the cast had been preparing itself for a successful presentation of this "play of human hearts." Many are the audiences that have been moved to tears as well as to laughter by this gripping play written by Harry Hamilton. The plot is well laid and systematically worked out.

In their first appearance of the school year the Newmans succeeded in presenting a very entertaining program. The students are assured that the Newman Club's second public program will not lessen the good impression made by their former one. The cast includes a number of Newmanites who have not appeared on the stage as yet. Under the capable and experienced guidance of Fr. Rapp, however, the coming program gives every indication that a real treat is in store on April 3.

reports of eye witnesses of the events treated. Interest is sustained not only by the nature of the events themselves, but also by the intimacy created by treatment at the hands of eye witnesses. They deal with events from the discovery of America by the Norsemen 1000 A. D. to the historic world flight in 1924.

What is "It?"

"Give and Take" a Great Success

The closing words, "All you need is a little co-operation," aptly expressed the theme of "Give and Take." Interspersed throughout the play were bits of wit and humor which kept the audience laughing. The interest and life of the play were derived in great measure from the brilliant plays on words and the sarcasm used.

The entire cast played its parts almost to perfection, but the character that seemed to stand out above the others was John Bauer, Sr., as shown by Julius Fecher. His foreman, Albert Kruger, a well-meaning but rather dense friend, was impersonated by Joseph Hartmann. This pair has appeared before in "Now Adolph" and then, as on the eve of St. Patrick's Day, they kept the audience laughing. Marion Kruger, Albert's daughter, as shown by Edward Charek, was a lovable but self-willed young lady. Daniel Drum,

(Continued on Page 11).

Pre-Lenten Movie Program

Although the Red and Purple Melody Boys were handicapped to a greater or less extent by the ban on jazz, they, nevertheless, played several pleasing selections immediately before the pre-lenten movie entertainment, on March 1. Following the captivating renditions by the Melody Boys, the students were entertained by a News Reel and an Aesop's Fable. The latter served to place the spectators in the proper frame of mind for the screening of Harold Lloyd's "The Kid Brother." Through eight reels of well adapted and equally probable gags the auditorium resounded to the continual, yes, almost continuous laughter of those who were fortunate enough to be present. The success of this picture, however, is due not alone to the splendid array of gags, but the execution of these gags in a superlative manner also merits praise for the entire cast.

A MYSTERIOUS GENIUS

CORNELIUS FLYNN, '29

It was on a cold, stormy evening some years ago, that I sat huddled in the depths of a great morris chair, in front of a big, cheery, open fire in my cozy little home in Denver, listening to the crackling of the logs, and endeavoring all the while to philosophize, as fools are sometimes wont to do. The trend of my thoughts ran thus: "Bobby Burns, poet; Bobby Burns, man! Meaningless words, especially to those who are not acquainted with this great literary genius, the enigma of all times. For poor, unfortunate Bobby was a mystery, and therein, perhaps, lies his charm."

Thus was I soliloquizing half aloud, when an eager, trilling, silvery voice broke in upon my ruminations, and pleadingly said: "A mystery? Oh, Uncle Con, I dearly love mysteries! Won't you tell me about yours?"

I turned slowly in my easy-chair, surprised and annoyed at having my reverie so rudely interrupted. My annoyance, however, melted away like snow before an April sunshine, as my eyes rested upon the beaming, upturned face of my little niece, Mary.

I smiled my acquiescence, and gathered the golden-haired little miss into my arms. Holding her close I began my story, couching it in language which she could readily understand, and which I hoped would delight her.

"Once upon a time, in far off Scotia, a land, my dear, where 'men' wear short skirts, and women dress sensibly, there lived a poor prince, the Prince of Poets. Although he was a prince, he didn't live in a magnificent palace like other princes are accustomed to do. On the contrary, our poor prince, whose name was Bobby Burns, lived with his parents, brothers, and sisters in a lowly peasant-hut. He was even forced to do rough farm work in order to make his own living and help support the family. Bobby's life was one incessant struggle against poverty and misfortune. Our intrepid prince, however, bore his crosses patiently, and as a reward Heaven sent a little ray of sunshine to pierce the gloom of Bobby's unhappiness.

"One day while toiling in the harvest-field, Bobby heard a beautiful voice, softly humming a strange,

pulse-quickening melody. Quickly glancing in the direction whence the humming came Bobby saw something that caused his heart to turn topsy-turvy in his bosom. Tripping along the edge of the woods, just a few paces from the spot where he was laboring, was the most beautiful Fairy Princess that ever trod this mortal earth. Gayly she came dancing along, lightly singing in all the care-free light-heartedness of abounding youth and health.

"Our prince, as he himself tells us, was enchanted by the beauty and grace of this Fairy Princess. He impetuously called to her, and the Fairy Princess upon hearing his voice instantly turned toward him. Their eyes met and our Prince and his Princess experienced the greatest joy they had ever known—their first friendship.

"That was the turning point of Bobby's life. Where before he had hated his work, he now became a willing slave, and went about his tasks with the utmost cheerfulness. He was accustomed to meet his 'bonnie, sweet, sonsie lassie' every day, and often would they repair to the summit of a neighboring hill, where they spent many a 'cannie hour at e'en' in each other's company. Bobby, on these occasions, composed many beautiful, tender, love songs to his Princess. Many of those songs which Bobby sang in honor of his childhood-sweetheart are preserved to this day. But it was in the midst of such happiness that Bobby experienced his first real sorrow—the death of his father. In a moment the sun of his happiness was obscured by black clouds of impending doom.

"After the burial of Bobby's father, the landlord came and turned our poor prince and his family out of their cot! Penniless and friendless, Bobby resolved to take one last desperate chance in an effort to stave off starvation. He, therefore, gathered together all of his exquisite love-songs, beautiful lyrics, and lovely nature poems, and in 1786 published them at Kilmarnock, a town about thirty miles from his native home.

"The success of these poems was immediate and great. Bobby became rich and famous over night. He was regarded as the greatest hero

since the time of Robert Bruce, who is to the Scots what George Washington is to American patriots. Fate caressed him with a gentle hand, and so he was happy again."

At this instant my tiny burden burst out, "Oh, Uncle Con, please sing some of his songs for me." So I sang the songs that my old father had sung to me when I was a child on his knees.

"Auld Lang Syne," "Mary Morrison," "Duncan Gray" and other favorites poured from my throat, and, although my voice was slightly cracked, the little miss was delighted with them all.

"I think they're perfectly lovely, Uncle Con," said she, "but where does the mystery surrounding our prince come in?"

"Well, my dear," I replied, "the mysterious thing is this; although Burns wrote such soulful, inspiring songs that only a lovable, honest, upright, and clean-living gentleman could be expected to write, yet his own private life is most repulsive and ugly. Early in life he contracted bad habits and he never broke away from them. He died, a victim of his intemperance, at the early age of thirty-seven.

"A few things must be said to Bobby's credit. He never grew proud! He wore the same size hat after his successes that he had worn before! He always wrote of life, nature, common things and common people, and he used the simple, musical, expressive Scottish dialect more than any other. These are the reasons why he is so greatly beloved by his acquaintances. A poor, unfortunate Fairy Prince, but a lovable one what say you, dear?"

For a moment she lay quiet and made no answer. Then those glorious, Irish-blue eyes opened slowly and the lips parted in soft speech, "I'm just praying, Uncle," said she, in answer to my look of inquiry, "praying that our kind good God will have mercy on the soul of my poor, unfortunate Fairy Prince."

"I'm very sure He will, my dear." I said, reassuringly. For a moment I toyed with the warm, golden curls, then with a parting admonition to "sleep tight", I sent her off to bed.

Long after she had gone I remained huddled in my chair as I had been before her coming, gazing at the glowing embers of the dying fire. And the trend of my thoughts ran thus: "To err is human, to forgive Divine—may the kind good God be merciful to our Bobby."

D. From Near A From Afar D.
M. ITEMS OF INTEREST M.
U. The Dwenger Mission Unit U.

THE MARTYR OF THE IROQUOIS

JOSEPH GREEN. '27

The narrative of the lives and experiences of the Jesuit missionaries with the tribes of Canada in the seventeenth century is a Christian epic of tragic fascination. To give in full the lives and experiences of all the Jesuit missionaries would be a momentous task. On this account I have decided to narrate in brief the life of one of these heroes of the cross, namely, Blessed John Brebeuf, the "Martyr of the Iroquois."

There is something strangely touching and pathetic in the life of this wonderful man buried in the isolated forests of Canada among a savage people whose language he could not speak, and to whom he was a stranger, and perhaps an unwelcome guest.

He was born March 25, 1593, near the city of Bayeux, France, of an ancient and illustrious family. From childhood he was reared to mature years in the refined society of cultured men, and trained in the best schools of France. With pardonable complacency he brushed aside his prospects of an easy and care-free life that he might set out for the limitless forests of Canada.

This soldier of the cross landed in Canada on June 19, 1625. After a few months stay with the Montagnais Indians he set out for his post, the Huron Mission. Here it was that Brebeuf began his campaign of heroism. His life was one continual adventure beset with hardship and danger. The Indians looked askance at him. They admired and envied his great strength, his capability of enduring hardships, his fearlessness in danger, but they would not listen to his preaching. With savage courtesy, characteristic of their meetings, however, they gave him a hearing, but if he started preaching the word of God they immediately silenced him with threats and blows.

Time, however, and the grace of God worked wonders. After he had mastered the Huron tongue, he walked through the villages ringing a bell

summoning young and old to meet him in conference. When the Indians had assembled, he explained to them the doctrines of the Church, exhorted them to penance for their sins, and pictured the awful torments of hell till their hardened hearts trembled in contemplation of what might happen to them after death. In this manner he gained not a few souls for the Master.

His success, however, was due less to his preaching than to his example. Before such a life as he led grovelling superstition returned and inveterate prejudice yielded. Savage opposition went down before habitual manifestations of charity and miracles of divine love until the worn faded cassock, the crucifix and rosary, from objects of hatred and superstition, became symbols of inviolate friendship and affection. The bark chapel was a haven of rest to which weary and sin-burdened souls fled for solace and consolation.

This happy state of affairs, however, was brought to a sudden and tragic ending. In the year 1648 the Iroquois attacked the Huron village, slaughtered the men, women and children, and took Father Brebeuf prisoner. They led him to a stake and after having fastened him to it they began to torture him. His courage, however, was that of an indomitable character that rises superior to fear. They tore the flesh in strips from his body, plucked out his finger nails, and scorched him with burning brands, but never a word of complaint escaped his lips. The Iroquois became furious; they glared at him like tigers; and when the unconquerable hero raised his voice in withering denunciation of their wickedness they tore away his lips and cut out his tongue. Still they wrung from him no cry of pain. Despairing of overcoming his fortitude they tore the scalp from his bleeding head and one of them mercifully plunged a knife into his heart.

Thus died John de Brebeuf, one

of the grandest men that ever trod the American continent. From that memorable day, when he dedicated his life to the conversion of the Indian, he never wavered in his high resolve. His zeal, his courage, his fidelity to duty in the face of the greatest dangers, his fortitude under hunger, weariness, and fatigue, his angelic piety and marvelous heroism under the excruciating ordeal of Indian torture, preach an eloquent sermon, and its burden is this: "All ye who seek the martyr's crown, behold the path that leads to it."

D. M. U. ELECTIONS.

The semi-annual elections of the Dwenger Mission Unit were held Sunday afternoon, March 13. The race for the president's chair was very closely contested by Joseph Hartmann and Edward Siegman, but was finally won by the former. Next in order was the filling of the vice-presidency. Edward Siegman's backers, although defeated in their choice for the presidency, succeeded in polling enough votes to elect their choice for the vice-presidency. The secretaryship was also hotly contested, and when the smoke of battle had cleared away, the results showed a close victory for Spaulding Miles. The offices of treasurer and librarian were next filled by Clarence Weiker and Joseph Dayberry, respectively.

Joseph Green, the retiring president, before relinquishing the chair, addressed a few words to the members of the Mission Unit. Besides thanking the members for their co-operation, which made possible the success of the Mission Unit during the past semester, he assured them that if this co-operation will continue the Mission Unit will rise to still higher levels under the capable steering of its new helmsman, Joseph Hartmann.

Amid much applause the new officers assumed their duties, and after a few words of thanks and appreciation by Joseph Hartmann, the regular routine of business was carried on. Following the transaction of business, the meeting adjourned.

—C. J. Weiker, '28.

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THE CONSERVATION OF ENERGY

Many of the activities and actions of our every day life display an immense amount of spent energy. To use energy is the only reason why it exists, but to realize fully its purpose, energy must be used at the time when it will serve its purpose best.

Every game, every exam, almost anything we do demands energy. Nevertheless, as in the natural sciences, so in all things, the law of conservation of energy is fundamental.

Hence when we do something which is not going in the right manner, what is the use of "crabbing?" Save the energy which would be expended until the next exam and then use it. When the much-longed-for free day turns out to be dreary and rainy don't waste energy denouncing the weather—conserve it!

There is, however, another side to this law of conservation of energy—the policy of being too conservative. This policy, usually called laziness, is worse than the lavish use of energy. Laziness needs no explanation or examples as all know and recognize its existence.

If a medium was struck between the two extremes—waste of energy and laziness—much of the extra copy that is being written each Sunday would not come into existence. Also many and many a rule which is now absolutely necessary would be abolished. Try to conserve your energy and to expend it wisely and see what a help it is to efficiency and accuracy in all things.

—A. Z., '27.

Start your Essay NOW!

THE ESSAY CONTEST.

It is not only the winner who derives benefits from a contest. Especially in the realm of sports have the benefits of contests manifested themselves. To the team or individual who wins an athletic contest go the honors of the victory; but honors are fleeting, and the winner of today may be forgotten tomorrow. Besides honor, however, sports have many beneficial results. Physical development is the chief object of sport. The chief object of the Alumni Essay Contest is the cultivation of a desire on the part of every student to surpass his fellow students in the field of literary exposition. From experience we can safely say that this wholesome desire is not entertained by the vast majority of the students. Not all can win, but all can try. The attempt to win will redound to each contestant's own good; for experience and practice possess a truer value than honor. The world does not hate a game loser; it is the person who failed to try whom the world brands as useless.

W. F., '27.

Fifths' Bellows

Anthony Thoben, '28
Caspar Heiman, '28
Joseph Hartmann, '28

Wolf—"Why do words have roots?"
Charek—"Why, to make the language grow."

Grotenrath—"I think the power house is haunted. I saw it move last night in the moonlight."

Lochotzki—"It must have been the night shift."

"Have you helped support the Cheer?"

"Why, no. It has a staff."

Thoben (in Wright's)—"Do you serve lobsters here?"

Waitress—"Sure, sit down. We serve anybody."

Typist Instructor—"What are you looking at the clock for?"

Gibbons—"I'm timing myself."

T. I.—"You don't need a clock; you want a calendar."

Bo: "Were you fired with enthusiasm when you tackled your first job after leaving college?"

Zo: "Was I! I never saw a man so glad to get rid of me in all my life."—Ex.

In Our Mail Box

In a recent issue of the Varsity News there appeared an article, one item of which may serve to open the eyes of those of our readers who imagine that a staff is the only support that a school paper needs. The Varsity News is an eight page weekly and a somewhat more expensive, though not larger, monthly magazine is published in connection with it. For publishing these combined papers nearly \$20,000 were expended during the first semester of the present school year.

Overheard about the Scotchman:

The one who got married in the back-yard so his chickens could eat the rice.

The one who willed \$1,000 to the widow of the unknown soldier.

The one who starved in a pay-as-you-leave trolley.—The Burr.

The Red and Black, which comes to us from Fostoria, Ohio, is a wonderful magazine. Among the articles in the last issue that deserve special mention are those which treat of the famous men born during the month of February. This section is but a small part of this well written periodical.

During the month of February, every American instinctively thinks of Washington and Lincoln. Newspapers vie with each other to see who can write the best articles on these two heroes. The editorial on Washington and Lincoln in the Blue and White is one of the best which we read this year. Many very interesting stories were in the last issue of this paper.

We acknowledge the receipt of the following exchanges: Loyola News, The Eye, The Black and Red, The Wag, O. H. S. Echo, The Vista, The Cardinal and White, St. Bede Records, The Cee-Ay, Gonzaga Bulletin, The Tech High Rainbow, The Red and White, Marymount College Sunflower, Red and Black, The Echo, The Sigma, The Burr, The Hour Glass, The Printcrafters, The Centric, Co-Ed Leader, The Rattler, The Bell, De Paulia, Varsity News, The Tower, The Campionette, Mother Seton Journal, The Brown and White, The Wendelette, The High School News, The H. C. C. Journal, The Rensselaerien, Notre Dame News, Purple and White, Prep Newsette, Look-a-Head, The Gavel.

AN EMBARRASSING HOUR

Kr, kr, kr, kr, went the doorbell at the Swanee Club. "Good gracious," exclaimed Bill Roland, "get that fellow at the doorbell a teddy-bear to play with instead of a doorbell." Kr, kr, kr it went again. "Snoring peanuts," thundered Bill, "see who it is Jackie." "Who was it?" asked Bill upon Jackie's return. "A letter from your rich uncle," was the reply. "From the one in the poor-house," laughed Bill, feasting his eyes on a straight flush. "Let me see," said Bill leaning back in his chair, "maybe someone wants me to teach Geometry." "Roasted flee dimples," shouted Bill, "listen what it says here: 'If you will be in New York by Thursday, then I will take you along to Germany for the summer.'" Without finishing his letter Bill rushed to the next room to get his coat. "Nip, will you please call up the drayman, and send him to our house. Tell him to be there not later than 4 p. m.. I'll run home quick to pack my trunk."

Five minutes later Bill reached his home. "Bill, what is the matter," cried his mother, "are you hurt." "No! No!" answered Bill, all out of breath. "I got a letter from Uncle Tony stating that if I would be in New York by Thursday he would take me to Germany for the summer."

"Here is my key, maw," said Bill with a quivering voice, "pack my trunk and I'll go to the station to get my ticket." Before his mother could say another word, Bill was on his way to the station. Nothing was able to bolt him in his flight. Not even Susie on the opposite side of the street was able to attract his attention. When he reached the station, a large crowd was ahead of him, but forgetting all manners, Bill forced his way through the crowd up to the window. "Walk on your own feet," cried a lady. But Bill had no time to listen to trifles. "Thank you for pushing me along," exclaimed another lady. "Keep the change," answered Bill.

"A ticket for New York, please," gasped Bill. Having relieved his pocketbook of the last dollar, he started for home. "Ho, ho, Bill, how are you?" said one of his lady friends; but the avenues of Bill's ears were closed to everything that did not sound like New York. When Bill reached home, he found his trunk packed, and the drayman was

waiting. "Just a minute," said Bill, "I want to take these trousers along." Another minute and the trunk was on the wagon. "Let's go," said Bill eagerly. "Come on push on those lines, this is no funeral procession; that horse must have had a snail for his ancestor!" "Boy, oh boy," stuttered Bill, "There goes the whistle; we'll surely be late." Just as the iron monster came snorting around the curve, they reached the station.

Having paid the drayman, Bill reached for his ticket, but to his great surprise he found that it was at the bottom of his trunk. Without giving it a second thought, Bill unpacked his trunk before all the passengers. His silk shirt, which one was not allowed to look at before cleaning his glasses, fell from the platform; but now time was worth more than a dozen silk shirts. Having found his ticket, Bill threw the clothes back into the trunk, locked it, and with the help of the freight agent managed to get it on the train just before the mighty wheels were set in motion. "That sure was a close shave," said Bill to one of his fellow passengers. "Why in the world didn't you wait until you were on the train," said the passenger. "A man can't control himself when he is in a hurry," answered Bill.

Before the dawn of another day Bill found himself hemmed in by the giant skyscrapers of New York. His uncle spied him in the crowd on the street and from a distance called out to him, "Bill, I see you are here; for once you have learned what it means to hurry." "Sure I am here, and that, too, in the nick of time," rejoined Bill, "but for the love of Mike let's hurry for the boat. The smashed toes and jostled bones that I left in my wake will certainly set a dozen 'dicks' on my trail. Lunatic! lunatic! is all that I heard for the last couple of hours, and though I am happy, yet I feel like a lunatic because of all this hurry. Now, dear uncle, the next time you choose to spend money on me for a holiday, please, throw time into the bargain." "Nay, nay, Bill," the rich uncle replied, "time is money, as you shall discover by the results of your hurry."

A. J. Frericks, '28.

"It's" coming!

The Photographer Officiates

The Seniors have gone and done it!

A cool dozen fuses were burned out in taking the pictures of the grads. But why blame the grads as a whole for this? All twelve of these fuses were rendered "has beens" before Butch Amato and John Brenner were shot; with Domine Amato leading One-eyed John by six fuses.

In taking Syl Moebs' likeness, the camera did the unexpected; that is, it didn't 'bust'. Still, the shutter threatened not to open when Mr. Howard took Syl's picture, but a little coaxing and oil turned the trick.

Duthy Green was all set to watch the "birdie" come out of the camera, but (this is a good one) when the birdie saw Duthy it went back into the camera and it could not be persuaded to show itself until hunger made the feathered creature's stomach think that its throat was cut. Of course, birds haven't any stomach for who ever heard of a bird having stomach ache?

A profile of Mike Sabo necessitated a very long range shot, for Mike's nose was the "scenter" of a lot of trouble.

Finally the dreadful deed was done, and after about one hundred extra shots, the grads stored away their vanity for later use.

We are expecting to see Lamont Hoyng's picture in the Coldwater Chronicle one of these days. Don't disappoint the folks back home, Lamont, and especially don't disappoint your dear friend.

But the proofs came to a hopeful but deluded group of grads. The first look at the proofs was staged by each individual concerned in a secluded corner. After the disappointments had somewhat subsided it was necessary to explain that retouching removes everything from freckles and mumps to oversized chins and ears.

To preserve the peace and harmony which always existed between the grads, two grads would exchange proofs and look at each other's proofs at the same instant. In this way the laughing was not only mutual but also simultaneous, and, consequently, not offensive to either party.

(Continued on Page 11.)



HITTING THE NET



WITH ISSY

High School Wins Easily; Series Even

Completely outplaying their opponents, the High School quintet evened the series by taking the second game, 23-14, from the College five. During the second quarter the attack of the winners carried them far in the fore, so that when the half ended the Northsiders were enjoying the comfortable lead of a 14-5 score. The second half, however, was fiercely fought; both teams displaying a faster brand of basketball than was witnessed in the opening frames. Only once, in the fourth quarter, did the College threaten, but then the rally fell short, for the High School matched their opponents, point for point. The shooting of Corcoran, the floor work of Billinger, and the fine defensive games of Barge and Grot featured the contest.

High School, 23—	College, 14—
2 Otto.....F.....	Foltz
6 Corcoran	Galliger 1
4 M. Dreiling.....F.....	Norton 2
3 Cardinali	Issenmann 8
Schill.....C.....	L. Connor
6 Billinger	Neidert
2 Barge.....G.....	Lauer 3
Weigel	Uecker
Grot.....G.....	Hartmann
Modrijan	Westendorf

Alone and secluded though it may be, the Raleigh Club has developed several champs and card sharks during the long winter months. Now, for the first time, are the names of these title holders made public. Every club smoker is willing to bet his last shekel and pie for that matter, on any of the below listed champs.

Amato & Coleman.....	Bridge;
Schwartz & Pankan.....	Five Hundred;
Wabler	Rum;
Bill Meyer.....	Checkers;
Sabo.....	Chess Champ De Luxe;
? ? ? ? ?	Poker;
Tom Kelly.....	Toreador De Luxe;
Gene Wuest.....	
..	Magazine and Newspaper Censor.

Though the season may be almost past, G. M. Kenney is willing to play anyone, in general, and Tom Kelly in particular, the one and only game of—marbles.

SENIOR LEAGUE ENDS WITH SIXTHS FIRST Standing.

	W.	L.	Pct.
Sixths	7	1	.875
Thirlds	6	2	.750
Fifths	5	3	.625
Fourths	1	7	.125
Seconds	1	7	.125

The Senior Basketball League of 1927 is history; but it is glorious history. Memories of those hectic contests will remain long in the minds of the spectators and even more so in the minds of those who were factors in making this history. Few and far between were the run-away tilts, for by far the majority of the games were closely fought battles. Nor did the dope bucket want less than its usual number of upsets. Finally the height of interest and enthusiasm was reached in the thrilling neck and neck struggle between the Thirlds and Sixths, in which the latter, only in the final minutes, won the crown as the Senior League Basketball Champs of 1926-27.

SIXTHS NOSE OUT THIRDS; WIN SENIOR RAG.

Two field goals by Pat Galliger in the closing minutes of the game won for the Sixths a tightly contested, 23-21 tilt from the Thirlds. This game, ending the season for both teams, and breaking the deadlock for first place existing between them, was replete with thrills from the initial toss-up until the final whistle. As the half ended, the Sixths were leading by a slim three points, 14-11. This lead, as soon as play was resumed, the Thirlds wiped out, and, not content with that, immediately forged ahead. Tie for a considerable part of the last half, the two teams battled on, until a field goal from mid-floor by Grot placed the Thirlds two points ahead. At this crisis Galliger saved the game for the Sixths with his two ringers. In the last period the loss of Capt. Sal Dreiling was a severe blow to the Thirlds, who, nevertheless, gamely battled on almost to victory.

Sixths	Thirlds
Gerlach.....	F..(C) M. Dreiling 10
6 Issenmann	W. Dreiling
6 Galliger (C)....	F..... Otto 2
11 Neidert.....	C..... Billinger 5
Uecker.....	G..... Weigel 2

Zanolar	
Westendorf.....	G..... Grot 2

FOURTHS-SECONDS END SEASON WITH WHIRLWIND TILT.

The Fourths and Seconds ended the season in grand style by staging a nip-and-tuck struggle, which the latter won, 15-14. The game was the last in the league; the victory, the first for the Seconds; the fray, a thriller from start to finish. Both halves were evenly fought with the play in the final frames waxing hard and fast. The long range shooting of Tom Corcoran was sensational. Three times from the center of the floor he scored. For the winners, Horse Martin starred both on offense and defense.

Fourth	Seconds
Abela.....	F..... Duray 3
7 Corcoran	
Hoyng.....	F.....(C) Cardinali 2
2 Henrich	
Booms	
Moebis.....	C..... Kienly
1 Schill (C)	Tatar 3
1 Walz.....	G..... Martin 6
3 Barge	Halfman
Modrijan.....	G..... Fries 1

FOURTH ACKS CLINCH FIRST PLACE.

	W.	L.	Pct.
Fourth	7	1	.875
Fifths	5	2	.714
Thirlds	4	2	.677
Sixths	2	5	.286
Seconds	0	8	.000

While the Ack League is not as yet completed, the Fourths have already cinched first place and the Ack rag. For a time it looked as if the Fourths would finish the season with an unbroken record, but the Thirlds spoiled all the dreams of their upper classmen by upsetting the leaders, 12-9. Second place now rests between the Fifths and Thirlds and the game between these two teams promises to be a fast, exciting battle.

An early lead piled up in the first quarter proved too great for the Sixths to overcome and they lost to the Fourths, 17-14. The Southsiders outscored their opponents during a fast second half, but the Fourths' defense held at critical moments. O'Neill and Matthews

were the shooting stars of the game.

After being held to a 3-1 score in the first half, the Thirds' offense "got going" and swamped the game Seconds under a 26-2 score. Van Oss and Uhrich each spread the meshes six times, while Cross and Blommer upheld the offense of the Seconds.

The Fourths continued their winning ways, dropping the second place Fifths, 8-3. Flynn's shooting featured the contest which was characterized by tight guarding on both sides.

With 18 points between them, O'Neill and Green shot the Sixths to a 22-4 victory over the Seconds. Theiman scored three of his team's points, while Zarrett showed some good floorwork.

Leading in both halves of the game, the Thirds served the Fourths a rather unexpected, 12-9 setback. The winners jumped ahead early in the game and held the lead throughout the contest. Van Oss and Beerman carried the shooting burden for the Thirds, with Flynn as high point man for the Fourths.

Victory number 6 was registered by the league leaders when they defeated the Seconds, 22-3. Boker scored all the points for the losers, while Boehnlein led the Fourths in scoring.

The Fifths and Sixths staged a nip-and-tuck affair which the former team won, 10-5. Trailing 5-3 at the half, the Fifths' defense held the Sixths scoreless during the final quarters, while the offense cut down the lead and placed the Fifths ahead.

With a 18-9 win over the Sixths, the Fourths closed their season. Play during the first half was fast and exciting. Russell played a fine floor game besides leading the losers in hitting the loop. For the champs, the shooting of Flynn and Linnenberger featured the tilt.

Sinking five field goals, Heringhaus led the Fifths to a 24-2 victory over the last place Seconds. Gibbons and Diller also helped to make the game a sure win by contributing ten points between them. Blommer accounted for the Seconds' lone two points with a field goal in the second half.

Otto—"What do you think of men who try to imitate women?"

Reardon—"I think that they are fools."

Otto—"Then the imitation is perfect, isn't it?"

CELTICS GARNER JUNIOR BUNTING.

Standing.			
	W.	L.	Pct.
Celtics	5	1	.833
Comets	4	2	.667
Basketeers	2	4	.333
Peerless Five	1	5	.167

The defeat of the Comets by the Basketeers left the Celtics in undisputed claim to first place in the Junior circuit. Victory for the Comets meant another game with the leading Celtics for the crown; defeat meant but second place. The 16-12 contest was exciting, not only in the first half when the Basketeers were leading, 9-3, but also in the last frames when the Comets tied the score at 12 all. Then, at this critical stage, Pax placed the Basketeers again in the lead with what proved to be the winning bucket.

Previous to this game the Comets had nosed out the Peerless Five, 9-7, after a desperate struggle for victory. Though they were trailing, 5-1, at the half, the Peerless quintet outscored the Comets during the remainder of the game, but their rally fell two points short of victory.

After battling through the first half at 6 up, the Celtics were more successful in locating the loop during the final periods than were the Basketeers and thus earned a 15-11 win. Andrusis on offense, and Billinger on defense, starred for the winners, while Olberding led his own Basketeers with six points.

Two overtime periods were needed to decide who should occupy third place when the Basketeers met the Peerless Five. The game was close and at no time did either team hold a commanding lead. It was only in the second overtime period that the Basketeers put the game on ice by scoring three field goals in rapid succession.

An unexpected upset occurred when the Comets handed the first place Celtics the small end of a 10-5 score. This game was the first defeat for the Celtics and at the time gave the Comets a possible chance for the pennant. Stroempl accounted for practically all of the losers' points, while Krupa and Schindler starred on offense for the Comets.

Ending their season with a victory, the Celtics outfought the Peerless Five in a 21-13 game. The losers rallied in the second half, but the lead amassed by the Celtics proved to be too great an obstacle. Stroempl "ran wild," dropping four field goals

DINKS AND ACES TO BATTLE FOR HONORS.

Standing.			
	W.	L.	Pct.
Rinkydinks	4	1	.800
Aces	3	2	.600
Royals	3	3	.500
Speedy Five	1	5	.167

With the Rinkydinks and the Aces scheduled to meet in the last game of the Midget circuit, an exciting contest is promised. The Dinks are but a game ahead of their opponents, and should the Aces conquer the Dinks, a post season game will be necessary to decide the winner of the circuit.

In a game in which despair and hope alternately filled the minds of the supporters of both teams, the Speedy Five went down to an 18-19 defeat before the league leading Rinkydinks. Kern, the Dinks' left forward, led the scoring with ten points.

The Aces destroyed the Royals' hopes of winning the bunting of the little boys' league by emerging the victors of a 13-7 tilt between these two teams. With the entire seven of his team's points to his credit, Wuest ranked as the high point man of the game.

During the first half of the game between the Royals and Speedy Five, the former team scored but two point more than its opponent. Still this lead was sufficient to bring victory, for in the last two frames of the fray the scoring was even. The Speedy Five threatened in the last quarter, but the final whistle found them a basket behind their opponents, on the short end of a 13-11 score.

"In spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to"—roller skating. The champion of last year, who, by the way, holds a string of records the length of a giraffe's neck, is willing to defend his lightweight skating title against any challenger. As a matter of fact, it is reported that the champ, expecting a heavy schedule, has already begun training and is working out in secret—where, no one knows. But the Champ—oh yes, Mark Kelly.

Borer—"When I emerged from the woods there was a precipice yawning before me."

Bored—"Was it yawning before you got there?"

and two free throws through the netting. Heil displayed a neat floor game for the Peerless Five.

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NEWSPAPERS AND MAGAZINES

Dog Biscuits

Cornelius Flynn, '29.

Baseball is here, and the Fourths are on the job. At a recent meeting, Florian Hartke was elected to guide the destiny of our diamond team during the coming season. Florian, as we all know, has real managerial ability, and the Fourths are eagerly and optimistically waiting for the opening of the season.

Tennis stars are assured of a plenty of grand and glorious times on the court by Ed Henrich, our newly elected tennis manager. Ed, who is a confirmed and confessed tennis bug himself, may be depended upon to see that the court is always in good shape, and that the tennis paraphernalia is well taken care of.

The Fourths' class President has been seriously contemplating the inauguration of a male beauty contest, the purpose of which is to bring to light the handsomest bean in our class. We feel confident that Lamont Hoyng and Ed Henrichs will be the leading contenders for the title, but yet we are a bit dubious as to the outcome. For one of the 'Speed' boys might step in at the last minute and walk away with the prize.

The spirit shown by the Fourths in backing their Ack team is, indeed, commendable. Keep it up, fellows, such loyalty as has been shown by the Fourths at the Ack games always tends to promote good fellowship.

Recently, one of the boys received

G. MARTIN KENNEY ILL AT INDIANAPOLIS.

This morning G. Martin Kenney, financial manager of the Cheer, underwent an operation for appendicitis at St. Vincent's Hospital, Indianapolis. "Red" left for home several weeks ago, there to enjoy a short rest in an attempt to regain his health. On his way back to St. Joe he became ill at Indianapolis, and was taken to St. Vincent's Hospital. Although the seriousness of the operation cannot be ascertained at this time, the students are requested to remember him in their prayers.

Maud

Two long ears and a lazy eye Grey old mule with a wistful sigh Cropping the grass that grew nearby; And her name was Maud.

Patient and meek, would never run From early morn till set of sun She plowed the furrows one by one; And her name was Maud.

The old plow stuck like a rusty nail And Rastus beat Maud to no avail But when he came too close to her tail, His name was "Mud." Francis Matthews, '29.

a letter from Paul Bernier, an old and very popular member of the Fourth Class. Bernie, at present is pursuing a course of studies at St. Charles Borromeo Seminary, Columbus, Ohio. Knowing Bernie's aptitude for sports, we, his old friends, are not the least surprised, but we are very well pleased to hear that he received his letter and sweater in football and that he now is holding a regular berth as left forward on the varsity basketball team. In addition to this, he is sporting editor of St. Charles' school paper, "The Carolian."

Keep up the good work, Bernie, we're with you every time.

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GIANTS LOSE TO MIDGETS ON
FOUL BALL

Midgets		Giants
Neidert	F	Moore
Connor L.	F	Hartlage
Kelly Tom (C)	C	Rieman
Uhrich	G	(C) Growney
Zumberge	G	Krapf

An exciting and interesting basketball game was played by the above teams in the land of Nod some time ago. A brief review of this game might serve to while away a few moments for those who did not have the felicity to see this game.

During the first inning of the contest the Giants outplayed their opponents. Moore served the ball with exceptional skill for the Giants, and Uhrich made five yards between 10:30 and the gym. A swan-dive and double dribble by Zumberge lost three yards and the ball for the Midgets. With two men on base and two yards to go, Growney sacrificed and Hartlage won the hundred yard dash in fifteen minutes flat (footed). Krapf's drop kick for the extra basket was too high, consequently, Tom Kelly "kicked off" for the Midgets to the complete satisfaction of everybody concerned. A fake pass, Rieman to Connor, resulted in four balls and one free throw for the Midgets. Then:

The shades of night were falling fast
As o'er the college campus passed
A youth, who bore, mid hair and lice,
A dome, in which was mixed with
nice,

Excelsior.

The game, as you will see from the foregoing, ended with three men on base, two men out of bounds, three field goals, and a touch down by Neidert of the Midgets.

Junior Jots

Now that basketball is past and the fever of baseball is in the air, the Thirds are looking forward to

a successful season in the national pastime. There seems to be no reason why, with their two star pitchers, Sal Dreiling and Ambrose Freund, they should not take the baseball pennant.

Now that we have a good start, Thirds, let's get behind our promising undertakings and push—push this column, push the teams, and push the class.

John Huzvar thinks that, since we have a column in the Cheer, we should make good use of it. He, consequently, wishes to inform the general public that his Latin Dictionary, Grammar, and Rockliff, for which he advertised quite extensively some time ago, have not as yet returned or have not been returned.

The reason why Tom Kelly doesn't brush his teeth is due to the fact that he is so tall that he has to stand on a chair to reach his mouth.

Many of the younger students assert that J. W. Baechle's "dark room work" is more effective since he published his new set of regulations.

The Thirds' marble team hereby declare their willingness to meet upon the green sward any and every contender who will do them battle. A keen eye, a trusty knuckle, an agate good and true are necessary to play this deadly game with skill and endurance.

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CRACKS AND CRACKERS

By WOOFIE GOOFIE

The past week was "Scale Im-
provement Week" in the Music de-
partment. Woofie Goofie suggests
that the A. A. Store devote a week
to the same purpose, as the scale
in that department has been 'lying'
in weight for quite a while.

"Perhaps in this bony carcass is
placed

A heart once inflamed with ath-
letic skill."

So mused Mike Sabo, and, conse-
quently, his vanity triumphed over
his better judgment—he made his
initial appearance in a basketball
suit the other Sunday. Bravo Mike!

It is with regret that we report
that the ward for "Awkward Ath-
letes" in the infirmary is usually
filled to capacity.

Who saw the first robin this year?
We had one with us all winter,
didn't we, Francis?

Galliger—"They're dragging the
Jackson Highway again."

Bucher—"Where are they drag-
ging it to?"

A repartee is an insult in evening
clothes. As an example we relate
the incident of the student who
sent a prune to Leonard Cross
telling him to use it as a name card.

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A and B;
Kruczek and;
Rauth and a dozen or more;
Westie and three Louies.
(Won't someone please sign on
the dotted line?)

Just after the war an old darky
came up to the governor and said,
"Massa, can you make me justice of
de peace?"

"Well," said the governor, "what
would you do in case of suicide?"

Uncle Ned thought deeply—"I'd
make him pay de costs of courts and
support the child."

Thoben—"What an awful voice
Westie's got."

Galliger—"That's not a voice, it's
a disease."

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GIVE AND TAKE A GREAT SUCCESS.

(Continued from page one)

the suave but greedy banker, who tried to get the Bauer Canning Factory in his clutches. was presented by Joseph Scharrer. Jack Bauer, Jr., as shown by Bernard O'Neill, was a young enthusiast who had as yet not been able to make the world believe in the value of his ideas. Last, but not least, was Mr. Thomas Craig, the supposedly insane millionaire. In portraying this character, Mr. Westendorf showed real, splendid acting.

The music was furnished by the College Band and was very much enjoyed. The selection entitled "Sally" was so well liked that it received an encore.

- MUSICAL NUMBERS.
- 1. Overture—"Lustspiel"....Kela Bella
 - 2. Novelette—"Sally"Fillmore
 - 3. March—"The Thunderer".....Sousa

We wonder what Thomas Patrick Rieman intends to do with the sample of shaving cream which he received the other week. To speak in a simile, that shaving cream is as out of place as a pair of water wings in the Sahara.

THE PHOTOGRAPHER OFFICIATES
(Continued from Page 5.)

Immediately after the pictures were taken. G. Martin Kenney departed for home, there to enjoy a ten days (?) rest after the strain of posing.

Every one of the other grads was in doubt as to how long it would take before he would have the opportunity to pose. Most of all, it was feared that a car load of fuses would be necessary to take the required number of shots of one Mr. Gerlach.

Carl Reichlin intends to have a contract as Gloria Swanson's leading man by sending her one of his pictures. Tha's right, Speed, hitch your wagon to a star.

With the assurance that Mr. Howard is as good a painter as he is a photographer, each grad experienced some faint degree of that hope which nearly ceased to spring eternal in their breasts.

Prof.—"What part of speech is 'egg'?"
Student—"A noun, sir."
Prof.—"What is its gender?"
Student—"You can't tell till it is hatched."

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MONON

INDIANA

To 'Big Six' Greg
(With apologies to Fitz-Green Halleck)
Green though the coach above thee,
Pitcher of outward curves,
All who know thee don't love thee,
For your line tires their nerves.

Tear fell, when thou wert pitching,
From eyes unused to weep,
And long when thou art pitching,
Will tears the cold turf steep.

When fans, whose worth was proven,
Like thine, are laid in earth,
There should a wreath be woven
To tell the world their worth.

And I, who wake each morrow
To hear your endless line,
To hear, with looks of sorrow,
What baseball skill is thine.

It should be mine to 'crown' thee
Upon thy baseball brow
But I've in vain besought thee,
And now to thee must bow.

Though patience bids me weep thee
With words of might I'll beg
For dough, to send thee quickly
To John McGraw, Oh, Greg.

Mistress—"Did the fisherman have
frog legs?"
Maid—"Sure, mum, I dinno. He
wore pants."

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